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PATRIOTIC POEMS.

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

BY

✓
FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER,

“
AUTHOR OF “THE SKELETON MONK,” “THE VOYAGE OF LIFE,” “THE PALACE OF THE
CÆSARS,” AND OTHER POEMS.



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DEDICATED
TO THE
MEMORY
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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*"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justize."*

SHAKSPEARE.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

'Twas in the sultry summer-time, as War's red
records show,

When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal
foe—

When, from the North, and East, and West, like
the upheaving sea,

Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country
truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows
veiled decay—

In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier
lay:

Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and
feverish breath,
He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's
death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with
a care,
He roamed at will, and freely drew his native
mountain air—
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from
many a woodland font,
And waving elms, and grassy slopes, give beauty
to Vermont !

Where, dwelling in an humble cot, a tiller of the
soil,
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's
toil—
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering
country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to
live or die.

Then left he all:—a few fond tears, by firmness
half concealed,

A blessing, and a parting prayer, and he was in
the field—

The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose
breezes War's hot breath,

Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose
husbandman is Death!

Without a murmur, he endured a service new and
hard;

But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one
night, on guard,

He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray
morning found

His prostrate form—a sentinel, asleep, upon the
ground!

So, in the silence of the night, aweary, on the
sod,

Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son
of God;—

Yet, Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their
heavy eyes,
And, though betrayed to ruthless foes, forgiving,
bade them rise!

But God is love,—and finite minds can faintly
comprehend
How gentle Mercy, in His rule, may with stern
Justice blend;
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found
none to justify,
While War's inexorable law decreed that he must
die.

'Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured
tread, and slow,
A statesman of commanding mien, paced gravely
to and fro.

Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord
rent;

On brothers armed in deadly strife:—it was the
President!

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened
heart with grief;

Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him
their chief;

And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaint-
ive cry

Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doomed
to die!

'Twas morning.—On a tented field, and through
the heated haze,

Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the
sun's effulgent blaze;

While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to
emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled
dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and
anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his
place.
A youth—led out to die;—and yet, it was not death,
but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook
his manly frame!

Still on, before the marshalled ranks, the train
pursued its way
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin
lay—
His coffin! And, with reeling brain, despairing—
desolate—
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his
fate!

Then came across his wavering sight strange
pictures in the air:—

He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his
parents there;

He saw them bowed with hopeless grief, through
fast-declining years;

He saw a nameless grave; and then, the vision
closed—in tears!

Yet, once again. In double file, advancing, then,
he saw

Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the
law—

But saw no more:—his senses swam—deep dark-
ness settled round—

And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's
sound!

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds and
wheels approach,—

And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a
stately coach.

On, past the guards, and through the field, its
rapid course was bent,
Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's
President!

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking
from despair ;
And from a thousand voices rose a shout which
rent the air !
The pardoned soldier understood the tones of
jubilee,
And, bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand
that made him free !

'Twas Spring.—Within a verdant vale, where
Warwick's crystal tide
Reflected, o'er its peaceful breast, fair fields on
either side—

Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a
sylvan solitude—

Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce
defiance stood !

Two threatening armies ! One invoked by injured
Liberty—

Which bore above its patriot ranks the Symbol of
the Free ;

And one, a rebel horde, beneath a flaunting flag
of bars,

A fragment, torn by traitorous hands, from Free-
dom's Stripes and Stars !

A sudden shock which shook the earth, 'mid vapor
dense and dun,

Proclaimed, along the echoing hills, the conflict had
begun ;

While shot and shell, athwart the stream with
fiendish fury sped,

To strew among the living lines, the dying and the
dead !

Then, louder than the roaring storm, pealed forth
the stern command,
“Charge! Forward, charge!” and, at the word, with
shouts, a fearless band,
Two hundred heroes from Vermont, rushed onward,
through the flood,
And upward, o’er the rising ground, they marked
their way in blood!

The smitten foe before them fled, in terror, from
his post—
While, unsustained, two hundred stood, to battle
with a host!
Then, turning, as the rallying ranks, with murder-
ous fire, replied,
They bore the fallen o’er the field, and through the
purple tide!

The fallen! And the first who fell in that unequal
strife,
Was he whom Mercy sped to save when Justice
claimed his life—

The pardoned soldier! And, while yet the conflict
raged around—

While yet his life-blood ebbed away through every
gaping wound—

While yet his voice grew tremulous, and death
bedimmed his eye—

He called his comrades to attest, he had not feared
to die!

And, in his last expiring breath, a prayer to heaven
was sent—

That God, with His unfailing grace, would bless
our President!

THE CUMBERLAND.

A SHOUT of defiance
From Freedom's brave sons!
It blends with the thunder
Of volleying guns!
It comes from the ocean,
Whose shuddering flood,
Through sulphurous vapor,
Rolls purple with blood!
Defiance to Treason,
In Battle's stern breath—
The Cumberland war-cry,
Defiance till death!

The strife was unequal;—
Material gave
The stronger a triumph,
The weaker a grave!
Against a mailed monster
The Cumberland stood;—
But steam baffled canvas,
And iron crushed wood!
She sank, while yet echoed
Her valorous breath—
The Cumberland war-cry,
Defiance till death!

The conflict is ended;—
Above the blue surge,
The wild winds are wailing
The Cumberland's dirge.—
Her flag, never lowered,
Still proudly shall show,
The spot where her heroes
Are resting, below:—

And Freedom will cherish
To Time's latest breath,
The Cumberland war-cry,
Defiance till death!

ELLET.

COLONEL CHARLES ELLET, JUNIOR, commander of the Steam-Ram Fleet, was mortally wounded at the capture of Memphis, Tennessee, June 6th, 1862, and died at Cairo, Illinois, June 21st, 1862

A HERO has fallen!
Full many a tear
Is bathing the banner
Which droops o'er his bier;—
And Freedom and Science,
In sorrow, combine
A chaplet of laurel
And cypress to twine.

A hero has fallen !
 ' So falls the proud oak,
When cleaves, through the tempest,
 The lightning's red stroke ;—
While, in the same ruin,
 Is borne to the ground
The vine, which its branches
 Had lovingly wound.

A hero has fallen !
 We yield him to God—
Receiving, in meekness,
 His chastening rod.
Though darkness divide us,
 His throne is above—
The God of the orphan,
 Whose title is Love !

GETTYSBURG.

DEDICATED

TO

Major-General

GEORGE GORDON MEADE,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

"The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness;

that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GETTYSBURG.

Two hostile hosts are gathered here;—

Two armies rest around :

And yet, no picket guard is near,

No pacing sentinels appear

To watch the camping ground !

No rattling drum, no screaming fife,

No braying trumpets' breath,

Gives token of impending strife;

There comes no sound of martial life;—

It is the Camp of Death!

The camp of Death!—The warrior's pride,
The sword, and sash, and plume,
Are here forever laid aside;—
Distinction banished; rank denied;
And every tent, a tomb!

Peace breathes a requiem o'er the past,
When, down this tranquil vale,
In smoke and flame, swept war's wild blast;
While thundering guns pealed fierce and fast,
Through storms of iron hail.

The battle broke o'er field and grove,
Like a resistless flood;
And on, through living ramparts, clove,
Where Life and Death for mastery strove,
In agony and blood!

The serried squadrons charged and fell
Before devouring fire—

And hissing shot, and blazing shell,
Sent like some blasting bolt from hell,
 Heaped one vast funeral pyre!

And Slaughter strewed the purple plain
 With torture and dismay;—
'Till strength seemed weak, and valor vain;
And grim and gasping, 'mid the slain,
 Full many a hero lay.

Then rose, with Victory's joyous tones,
 The wailings of Despair;—
And mangled flesh, and shattered bones,
And oaths, and curses, shrieks, and groans,
 Commingled wildly there!

And who were those that, hand to hand,
 Thus closed in deadly strife?
Met patriots here a savage band,
Who swarmed from some far, barbarous land,
 To strike at Freedom's life?

No!—let the infernal vaults below,
 Resound with fiendish glee;—
A brother was each patriot's foe:
Fraternal hands struck every blow
 At bleeding Liberty!

Degenerate sons of sires whose names
 Undying Fame shall own;—
Who, in the Revolution's flames,
From fusing fetters, forged the frames
 Of Freedom's lofty throne!

Degenerate sons, who, scorned and banned,
 Eternal shame shall know;—
Who, recreant to their native land,
Lured by Ambition, madly planned
 Their country's overthrow.

And here, upon this bloody ground,—
 To Freedom consecrate,—
The traitorous host, advancing, found,

As marked henceforth, in many a mound,
The traitor's righteous fate!

So, when at first, in Heaven above,
Foul perfidy was known;—
When vile Ambition tainted love,
And impious Treason rashly strove
Against the Eternal Throne:—

Before Omnipotence, dispersed,
The rebel armies fell;
Their dazzling dreams of power reversed;
Dismayed, defeated, crushed, and cursed,
And headlong hurled to hell!

So perish all our country's foes!—
So, ever, frustrate be
The desperate designs of those
Who, in our destiny, oppose
God and Humanity!

Two hostile hosts are gathered here ;
Yet, but one banner waves ;—
Its starry folds, now doubly dear,
Unfurled by Victory, appear
Above ten thousand graves !

Two hostile hosts—but nevermore
To meet in mortal strife ;
Defiance and defeat, are o'er,—
Nor love, nor hate, can now restore
One prostrate form to life !

Ten thousand graves !—so, far and wide,
Before War's withering breath,
Fall friends and foes, on every side :—
So rolls, through ruin, glory's tide,
Down to the wastes of Death !

Yet here, where many a patriot fought,
And many a martyr bled ;

Shall memory dwell—and painful thought
Will often turn, with pity fraught,
To treason's nameless dead.

But every patriot's dust will claim
Affection's tenderest tears;—
And, blazoned on the scroll of Fame,
Shall shine each martyred soldier's name,
Through Time's remotest years!

And still, upon this sacred sod,
The children of the Free,
Who follow where our fathers trod,
Shall learn to trust our fathers' God:—
The God of Liberty!

THE UNION.

A NATIONAL SONG.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

WEBSTER.

THE Union! The Union!

The hope of the free!

Howsoe'er we may differ,

In this we agree:—

Our glorious banner

No traitor shall mar,

By effacing a stripe,

Or destroying a star!

Division! No, never!

The Union forever!

And cursed be the hand

That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!

'Twas purchased with blood!

Side by side, to secure it,

Our forefathers stood:—

From the North to the South,

Through the length of the land,

Ran the war-cry which summoned

That patriot band!

Division! No, never!

The Union forever!

And cursed be the hand

That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!

At Lexington first,

Through the clouds of oppression,

Its radiance burst;—

But at Yorktown rolled back

The last vapory crest,

And, a bright constellation,

It blazed in the West!

Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
Its heavenly light
Cheers the hearts of the nations
Who grope in the night,—
And, athwart the wide ocean,
Falls, gilding the tides,
A path to the country
Where Freedom abides!
Division! No, never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!
In God we repose!
We confide in the power
That vanquished our foes!

The God of our fathers,—

Oh, still may He be

'The strength of the Union,

The hope of the free!

Division! No, never!

The Union forever!

And cursed be the hand

That our country would sever!

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

"Say ye not a confederacy."—ISAIAH viii. 12.

AMONG the various things which grow
In the miasmatic swamps below,
A rank and poisonous Ever-green,
Called the Sea-Cedar, may be seen!

Now, it seems, some sapient souls of late,
Who thought they could build a Ship of State,
Of this material tried to form
A craft to defy a Northern storm!

But a Northern storm, though sometimes slow,
When it once wakes up, and begins to blow,

As it shakes the earth, and sweeps the seas,
Is very unlike a Southern breeze!

And thus, when this Southern ship had made
But a few brief miles on a Northern raid,
There rose to meet her so fierce a gale
That she deemed it prudent to shorten sail!

But 'twas rather late when the caution came—
The billows were dark, and the clouds a-flame;
A hurricane blew in every breath,
And standing athwart her path was Death!

So, shattered and tost by the tempest's force,
And drifting aside from her vaunted course,
With a desperate Lee-way, she tried to tack,
And make her escape by turning back!

But a ship must travel extremely fast
If she hopes to outstrip a Northern blast—
And she was exceedingly glad to reach,
In a ruinous state, a Southern beach!

In a ruinous State! And there, I ween,
For many a day, will the wreck be seen—
And the tale be told, how that Southern ship
Succeeded in making a Northern trip!

GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT!

A NATIONAL SONG.

ALL hail! Unfurl the stripes and stars!

The banner of the free!

Ten times ten thousand patriots greet

The shrine of Liberty!

Come, with one heart, one hope, one aim,

An undivided band,

To elevate, with solemn rites,

The ruler of our land!

Not to invest a potentate

With robes of majesty,—

Not to confer a kingly crown,

Nor bend a subject knee.

We bow beneath no sceptred sway,
Obey no royal nod :—
Columbia's sons, erect and free,
Kneel only to their God !

Our ruler boasts no titled rank,
No ancient, princely line,—
No regal right to sovereignty,
Ancestral and divine.
A patriot,—at his country's call,
Responding to her voice ;
One of the people,—he becomes
A sovereign by our choice !

And now, before the mighty pile
We've reared to Liberty,
He swears to cherish and defend
The charter of the free !
God of our country ! Seal his oath
With thy supreme assent.
God save the Union of the States !
God save our President !

GLENDINNING.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN JAMES GLENDINNING,
WHO FELL AT CHATTANOOGA, OCTOBER 28TH, 1863.

ANOTHER precious offering,
In self-devotion made;
Another bleeding sacrifice
On Freedom's altar laid;
Another warrior at rest,
Where conflict is unknown;
Another martyr 'mid the host
Before the Eternal Throne.

Could we have pierced the sulphurous pall
Above that bloody fight,—

Could we have gained the view which met
That dying soldier's sight,—
We should have seen an angel-band,
Poised in the upper air;
We should have seen a glittering crown
And palm of victory there.

By nature ardent, kind and true,
By faith to heaven allied,
A Christian patriot he lived,
A Christian hero died.
And in the record of the brave,
Which Freedom gives to Fame,
Beloved, through all succeeding time,
Shall be GLENDINNING's name.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THE Stars and Stripes! What hand shall dare
To desecrate the flag we bear!
The flag of stars, whose cheering light
Beamed through oppression's gloomy night!
The flag of stripes, whose heavenly dyes
Flashed Freedom's day-spring through the skies!
Our flag! The standard of the free!
Symbol of hope and liberty!

The Stars and Stripes! What memories rise,
Whene'er that banner greets our eyes!
By patriots borne, o'er land and sea,
It led the way to victory!

When slaughter swept the surging main—
When carnage strewed the crimson plain—
It marked the spot where heroes stood,
It was baptized in heroes' blood!

The Stars and Stripes! What power shall stay
Immortal Freedom's onward way!
The heavens are the triumphal arch
Through which she takes her mighty march!
Her mighty march! Nor shall she halt
Till, like the spangled azure vault,
Her glittering ensign floats, unfurled,
Round an emancipated world!

THE STIGMA.

It is related that, some thirty years ago, John C. Calhoun, a Senator of the United States, from the State of South Carolina, and at that time employed in perfecting the great Nullification scheme of which he was the author, was, one night, at a late hour, seated in his room, alone, and engaged in writing, when, falling asleep, he had a dream, the incidents of which are here woven into verse.

THE STIGMA.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

SHAKSPEARE.

IN a chamber grand and gloomy, in the shadow of
the night,
Two wax tapers flaming faintly, burned with a se-
pulchral light,—
On an oval oaken table, from their silver stands
they shone,
Where, about them, in disorder, books and manu-
scripts were strown;
Where, before them, sat a statesman, silent,
thoughtful, and alone!

Suddenly, a stranger entered—entered with a serious air,
And, with steady step advancing, near the table
drew a chair!
Folded in an ample mantle, carefully concealed
from sight,
There he sat, and his companion watched him,
through the wavering light,
Wondering at his bold intrusion, unannounced, and
in the night!

Wondering at his staid demeanor, wondering that
no word he spoke,
Wondering that he veiled his visage in the volume
of his cloak—
Till, as though unwilling, longer, satisfaction to
postpone,
“Senator from Carolina”—said he, in a solemn
tone—
“What are you engaged in writing, here, at midnight, and alone?”

Then, the statesman answered promptly, "'Tis a
plan which consummates,
When complete, the dissolution of the Union of the
States."

Whereupon, rejoined the stranger, in an accent of
command,

"Senator from Carolina, let me look at your right
hand."

And the statesman had no power that calm dictate
to withstand!

Slowly, then, uprose the stranger, and the startled
statesman saw,

From the falling cloak emerging, one from whom
he shrunk with awe!

Stern and stately, stood before him, Freedom's first
and favorite son—

He whose patriotic valor universal homage
won—

He who gave the world the Union—the immortal
WASHINGTON!

And he thrilled with strange emotion, in the
Patriot's steadfast gaze,
As he held the hand he proffered, held it near the
taper's blaze,—
As he thoughtfully proceeded,—“Then you would,
with this right hand,
Senator from Carolina, desolate your native
land,—
You would sign a Declaration, this fair Union to
disband?”

And the Senator responded: “Yes, should chance
such service claim,
To an Act of Dissolution I would freely sign my
name.”
But, the words were scarcely spoken, when, amazed,
he saw expand,
Dim at first, then deeper, darker, an unsightly,
blackened brand,
Like a loathsome, leprous plague-spot, on the back
of his right hand!

“What is that?” he cried, with horror, as the
dreadful stigma spread—

And, the Patriot’s grasp relaxing, undisturbed, he
gravely said:

“That black blotch your hand o’erspreading, is the
mark by which they know

One who, honored by his country, basely sought its
overthrow—

That detested traitor, ARNOLD,—in the dismal world
below!”

Pausing then, he, from his mantle, drew an object
toward the light,—

Placed it on the oaken table, in the shuddering
statesman’s sight,—

Placed it on the very writing which that traitorous
hand had done,—

Still, and stark, and grim, and ghastly—’twas a
human skeleton!

There it lay—and then he added, calmly, as he had
begun:

“Here, behold the sacred relics of a man who, long
ago,
Died, at Charleston, on a gibbet, murdered by a
ruthless foe,—
ISAAC HAYNE, who fell a martyr, laying down his
life with joy,
To confirm this noble Union, which you wantonly
employ
Powers, for virtuous ends intended, treacherously
to destroy.

“When you sign a solemn compact, this blest bond
to disunite,
Lying here, upon your table, you should have his
bones in sight.
He was born in Carolina,—so were you,—but, all
in vain
Will you look for Treason’s stigma—will you seek
the slightest stain
On the hand of that pure patriot, the right hand
of ISAAC HAYNE!”

Saying this, the stranger vanished, but the skeleton
remained,

And the black and blasting stigma still that traitorous
hand retained!

Sinking in their silver sockets, fainter still the
tapers gleamed;

Suddenly, athwart the chamber, morning's rosy
radiance streamed,

And the statesman, wan and weary, wondering,
woke—for he had dreamed!

He had dreamed—but, pause and ponder, you who
would the Union rend—

Ponder, at the bare beginning, on the foul and fatal
end:—

Ponder on dark desolation sweeping through this
cherished land—

Heavy hearts, forsaken firesides, waste and woe,
wild War's demand—

Ponder on the Traitor's Stigma—pause, and look
at your right hand!

OUR HEROES.

CHEERS! Cheers, for our heroes!

Not those who wear stars;
Not those who wear eagles,
And leaflets, and bars;
We know they are gallant,
And honor them, too,
For bravely maintaining
The Red, White, and Blue!

But, cheers for our soldiers,
Rough, wrinkled, and brown;
The men who MAKE heroes,
And ask no renown:—

Unselfish, untiring,
Intrepid, and true;
The bulwark surrounding
The Red, White, and Blue!

Our patriot soldiers!
When Treason arose,
And Freedom's own children
Assailed her as foes;
When Anarchy threatened,
And Order withdrew,
They rallied to rescue
The Red, White, and Blue!

Upholding our banner,
On many a field,
The doom of the traitor
They valiantly sealed;
And, worn with the conflict,
Found vigor anew,
Where Victory greeted
The Red, White, and Blue!

Yet, loved ones have fallen—
And still, where they sleep,
A sorrowing Nation
Shall silently weep;
And Spring's fairest flowers,
In gratitude, strew,
O'er those who have cherished
The Red, White, and Blue!

But, glory immortal
Is waiting them now;
And chaplets unfading
Shall bind every brow,
When, called by the trumpet,
At Time's great review,
They stand, who defended
The Red, White, and Blue!

RAMS.

WHO, indeed, would have thought
that it ever could chance
That dogmatical Eng-
land, and complaisant France,
Who have always known ev-
erything under the sun ;
Who have always thought first
of whatever we've done ;
Who have scarce deigned our Ea-
gle the slightest salam—
Should fall flat, to adore
an American Ram !

There have always been Rams!
 Father Adam, we know,
Found some Rams in his gar-
 den, a long time ago;
In the raising of Rams,
 Abel took much delight;
And a Ram was concerned
 in the very first fight—
And the first Ram afloat,
 we may further remark,
Was the Ram which old No-
 ah took into the Ark!

Then, it seems, there were Rams
 which were tied up, in stalls,
Driven out to do bat-
 tle by butting down walls—
Alexander, Marcel-
 lus, and Sylla, we find,
Had a great many Rams
 of this desperate kind,

And when Titus encamped
 'mid Jerusalem's palms,
It is said that the He-
 brews saw nothing but Rams!

After these, there came Rams
 not inclining to fights—
Rams resembling good Josh-
 ua's Gibeonites—
Which were "drawers of wa-
 ter"—Hydraulical Rams—
Quite domestic, and com-
 monly found with their Dams!
May such Rams still contin-
 ue to thrive and increase,
With the limitless Ram-
 ifications of peace!

Thus, we Ram-ble along,
 through the cycles of Time,
Finding History's Ram-
 page is rather sublime!

But the Ram of all Rams,
is the Ram of our day,
Which is shaking the world
with a Ram-pant dismay!
Iron-harnessed, steam driv-
en, it sweeps o'er the sea—
Our American Ram-
part!—the shield of the free!

THE
WIDOW'S SON.

DEDICATED

TO THE

United States

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

LUKE vii. 12.

IN the green Valley of the Cumberland,
And where the rugged mountain range divides—
A lofty portal, walled on either hand,
Through which the silver Susquehanna glides—
Half hidden, in the shadow of the wood,
An unpretending, moss-grown cottage stood.

An humble place, yet full of calm content;
The home of two, whose loving hearts were one—
Old age and youth, in pure affection, blent;
A widowed mother, and an only son.
So the green ivy clasps the tottering wall,
Each holding each, till both, together, fall!

She lived for him—and still, at night and morn,
Committed him, in secret, to her God ;
His life was hers—his aim to pluck each thorn
Which lay before her, in the path they trod :
His highest hope, her sorrows to beguile ;
And his supreme reward, his mother's smile.

Thus, undisturbed, the peaceful days went by,
And all around gave promise of repose ;
When slowly, in the sunny Southern sky,
An angry cloud, with gathering blackness, rose—
The elements, in strange commotion, stirred,
And muttering thunders in the air were heard.

It came apace—the storm of civil war—
And the bright heavens with darkness were o'ercast ;
From hill to hill, the bale-fires blazed afar,
And, through the vales, shrieked the shrill bugle
blast :

While, from the North, rushed Freedom's loyal sons,
In prompt response to Sumter's signal guns !

No patriot paused—from every dwelling, then,
Rose the stern chorus of the battle-cry:
The dusty highway teemed with armed men,
Resolved to conquer—and content to die:
And, with that dauntless host, was numbered one,
Known, from his childhood, as “The Widow’s Son.”

Dark was the day, when sad, but self-possessed,
He left his mother, at the cottage door:
In tears, she pressed him to her aching breast;
With trembling lips, she blessed him o’er and o’er:
Then, sweetly smiling, to disguise her woe,
Blessed him again—and, calmly, bade him go.

She gazed upon his form, as through the wood,
Ne’er looking back, he hurriedly withdrew;
And lingering, at the open door-way, stood,
Long after he had vanished from her view:
And still, with feeble step, she came each day,
To watch the path by which he passed away.

But, even then, she wished not his return;
For she had yielded him at Duty's shrine;
And, though the summons had seemed almost stern,
She had not faltered, and did not repine:—
She deemed him now, still dearer than before,
And yet, she loved her suffering country more.

The months wore on—the changing seasons passed,
And, faithful to his trust, he wearied not;
But, through the burning heat, and freezing blast,
Met, with a cheerful zeal, his toilsome lot—
A patriot soldier, whose heroic heart,
Of Freedom's mighty bulwark, formed a part.

'Twas in the Autumn, and the sinking sun
Tipped the green hill-tops with a golden glow;
Where the bright waves of the Antietam run,
Through blooming banks, to fertile fields below:
Where Nature has bestowed, with lavish hand,
Her richest gifts to gladden Maryland.

The sky was cloudless, and the air serene:
The distance faded in the closing light:
When, from above, to sanctify the scene,
The saintly stars came beaming through the night:—
But, in the darkness, on the earth beneath,
Stalked bloody War,—and, by his side, was Death!

For, in that valley, stretching far away,
Beyond the margin of the crystal flood,
Rebellion's recreant host, in fierce array,
Led by the minions of foul Treason, stood:—
While, to the verge of the opposing bank,
The Patriot army rested, rank on rank.

The morning dawned—but scarcely dawned, before
The din óf battle, on the silence broke;
Hurled, in the blazing cannon's deafening roar,
Down the dim vale, through clouds of sulphurous
smoke:—

Then, swept the Patriot squadrons through the tide,
And deadly conflict raged, on every side.

The flaming lines fought sternly—hand to hand:
The stifling air was rent with shot and shell,
The rattling musket, and the clashing brand,
The clanging trumpet, and the piercing yell;
While frantic steeds rushed, riderless, away,
And crushed the dead and dying, as they lay.

Great was the slaughter—o'er the crimson field,
From heaps of carnage, rose expiring groans:—
When suddenly, above the combat, pealed
The trump of Victory, in exultant tones,
As Treason's banner, with its bloody bars,
Fell to the dust, before the Stripes and Stars!

The strife was ended, and the battle won;
The troubled air grew tranquil, as before;
And, in the effulgence of the setting sun,
The verdant hills were beautified, once more:—
But, thousands who had hailed that opening morn,
Were ghastly, broken, bleeding, and forlorn.

'Twas on that night—and, in a shattered wood,
Torn in the fight, and open to the sky;
With mangled frame, and faint from loss of blood,
A youthful soldier had lain down to die.—
Though many a friendly form was round him strown,
He rested there in silence—and alone.

It was “The Widow’s Son;”—with upturned face,
His eyes were fixed upon the starry dome;
But painful consciousness had given place
To a sweet vision of his happy home:—
His mother met him at the open door,—
She clasped him in her loving arms, once more!

The fancy fled:—he turned his gaze below,
And, in the distance, through the shade, descried,
One, with a flaming torch, pass, to and fro,
Who drawing near, came quickly to his side;
And kneeling by him, on the bloody ground,
Essayed, with care, to stanch each streaming wound.

He seemed a stranger;—and, in mute surprise,
The soldier scanned his kindly features o'er:—
No martial badge adorned his simple guise;
No glittering weapon at his side, he wore:—
But, in the sacred bond of sympathy,
A BROTHER, and a CHRISTIAN, claimed to be.

A CHRISTIAN BROTHER—of that noble Band
Who practice what the bless'd Saviour taught:—
Whose labors are the glory of our land;
Whose great commission from high heaven was
brought,
When, o'er the silent plains of Bethlehem, rang
The blissful anthem which the angels sang!

He brought the sufferer from the dreary wood,
And through the field, amid the prostrate dead,
Down to the roadside, where a cottage stood,
And found him, there, a shelter and a bed;
Then, smoothed his throbbing brow, and tangled
hair,
And watched him, with a father's tender care.

But all in vain—for, with the waning night,
His breath grew shorter, and his strength failed fast,
'Till, in the early morning's misty light,
The hour approached which was to be the last;
And, with a quivering lip, and tearful eye,
The faithful stranger told him he must die:—

Then, drawing still more closely to his side,
Spoke of the Saviour's love to fallen men;
Of Him who, sinless, for the sinful died,
Yet lives, that those who die may live again:—
And falling on his knees, in earnest prayer,
He bore him to the Cross, and left him there.

That prayer prevailed—the soldier raised his eyes,
And softly whispered, “Lord remember me,”—
When lo! as from the gates of paradise,
He seemed an angel, in the gloom, to see:—
A heavenly glory o'er his features spread,
He breathed his mother's name—and he was dead!

'Twas on that night—the widow sat alone,
Within her little cottage in the vale;—
Her thin white hair had still more silvery grown,
Her brow more furrowed, and her cheek more pale;
Some strong presentiment had banished sleep,
And held her thus, a weary watch to keep.

The hours went on—she noted not their flight;—
She rose, and slowly tottered to the door;
And, in the rising moon's uncertain light,
Gazed down the path she oft had watched before:—
She saw a figure—through the wood it pressed,
And her lost son was folded on her breast!

The day appeared—its brightening glory gleamed,
Down the dark mountain, 'mid the vapory air,
And through the little cottage window streamed;
But all was silent—only Death was there.—
For, 'ere that morning cast its beams abroad,
The Widow, with her Son, had gone to God!

LAUS DEO.

A HYMN FOR NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

GLORY to God! We humbly bend
In grateful adoration;
And mingled prayer and praise ascend—
Thanksgiving from a nation!

Glory to God, who brought our sires
Across the trackless ocean,
To kindle here the altar fires
Of national devotion!

Glory to God, through whom we rose
To trample on oppression—

Who led us, over fallen foes,
To Freedom's fair possession !

Glory to God, for fostering care,
Parental love transcending ;
For gifts and goodness everywhere,
Unmerited—unending !

Glory to God ! For boundless grace,
We offer our oblations :
Oh, be our land His dwelling-place,
Through endless generations !





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